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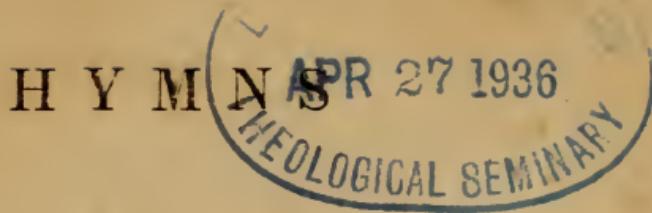
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Division

Section







ADDITIONAL TO THE

HYMNS IN THE PRAYER BOOK;

COLLECTED FOR THE

Sunday-School Children of their Parishes,

BY THE RECTORS

OF ST. PHILIP'S AND ST. JUDE'S CHURCHES,

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

ISAAC ASHMEAD, PRINTER.

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H Y M N S.

213

Children at the Gate of Heaven.

7's.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest :
There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win,
Lift your heads ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view ?
"I from Greenland's frozen land,"
"I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"
"I from islands of the main."

3 All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky ;"
Each the welcome "come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin :
Lift your heads ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

214

Eternity.

C. M

THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away ;

And I a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead.
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must FOR EVER be?

215

The New Jerusalem.

C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

216

The all-seeing God.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie,
 All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there ?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie ;
 Upward I dare not look ;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt ;
 And let his blood wash out my stains
 And answer for my guilt.

217

Lovest thou me?

7's.

HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord—
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And when wounded, healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the height above ;
 Deeper than the depth beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be ;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore ;
 O for grace to love thee more !

218

Birth of Christ.

10, 11.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy aid :
 Star of the east ! the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall :
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden and offerings divine ;
 Gem of the mountains, and pearl of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

219

Christ the Shepherd.

C. M.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 With all engaging charms ;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.

3 When, wandering from the fold, we leave
 The straight and narrow way,
 Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
 To guide us when we stray.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
 Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
 While folded in the Saviour's arms,
 We're safe from every snare.

220

Thankfulness for God's Love.

C. M.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see !
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me ?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more :
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street,
 Half naked I behold ;
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head ;
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal ;
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

221

A Song of Praise.

C. M.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty !

2 How great his power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord,
 Can search his secret will ;

But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

222

Birth in a Christian Land.

L. M.

GREAT GOD, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 I would not change my native land,
For rich Peru, with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than east or western Indies hold.

4 How do I pity those that dwell,
Where ignorance and darkness reigns;
They know no Heaven, they fear no Hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me t' escape eternal fire.

6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast given.

223

Thoughts of God and Death.

L. M.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
 Lord of the heavens, and earth and seas ;
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
 To teach us all what we must do ;
 My soul to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have broken oft thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor can I tell how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man departs to heaven or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

224

Heaven and Hell.

S. M.

THERE is beyond the sky
 A heaven of joy and love ;
 And holy children, when they die,
 Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains ;
 Where sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I
 Escape this cursed end ?
 And may I hope whene'er I die,
 I shall to heaven ascend ?

4 Then I for grace will pray,
 While I have life and breath ;
 Lest I should be cut off to-day ;
 And sent to eternal death.

225

Peace among Children.

C. M.

DEAR children, you should never let
 Your angry passions rise ;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

2 Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild :
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely child.

3 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
 And, as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with man,
 And God, his Father, too.

4 Now, Lord of all, he reigns above
 And, from his heavenly throne,
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

226

Love between brothers and Sisters.

C. M.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home ;
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree,
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threatening words,
 That are but noisy breath,
 May grow to clubs and naked swords,
 To murder and to death.

4 The devil tempts one mother's son
 To rage against another ;
 So wicked Cain was hurried on,
 Till he had kill'd his brother.

5 The wise will let their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night,
 But in the bosom of a fool,
 It burns till morning light.

6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
 Our little brawls remove ;
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

227

Against taking God's Name in Vain.

L. M.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God !
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name !
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme !

3 How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain,
 While thou shalt doom them to the place
 Of everlasting fire and pain ?

4 My heart shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above :
 'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
 That heavenly Father, whom I love.

5 If my companions grow profane,
 I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

228

Against Idleness and Mischief.

C. M.

HOW doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour ;
 And gather honey all the day,
 From every opening flower.

2 How skilfully she builds her cell,
 How neat she spreads the wax !
 And labours hard to store it well,
 With the sweet food she makes.

3 In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still,
 For idle hands to do.

4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past ;
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

229

The Child's Confession.

C. M.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
 So constant at my play ;
 And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell
 And then forget to pray ?

2 What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still ?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !
 How vain are all my thoughts !
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray ;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear,
 To what a child can say.

230

A Morning Hymn.

C. M.

MY God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies.

2 When, from the chambers of the east,
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
 But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day ;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain.

231

An Evening Hymn.

C. M.

AND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
 My comforts, every hour, make known
 His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Let angels guard my head ;
 And, through the hours of darkness, keep
 Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And, in the morning, let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.

232

The Thief.

8, 7.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
 Of his goods against his will?
 Hands were made for honest labour,
 Not to plunder or to steal.

2 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
 By such tricks to hope for gain :
 All that's ever got by thieving,
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

3 Oft we see the young beginner
 Practise little pilfering ways,
 Till grown up a hardened sinner,
 Then the prison ends his days.

4 Theft will not be always hidden,
 Though we fancy none can spy ;
 When we take a thing forbidden,
 God beholds it with his eye.

5 Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
 Lest I covet what's not mine ;
 Lest I take what is not given,
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

233

Children's Praises.

8, 7.

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
 Children's voices raise to thee ;
 In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
 Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Saviour ! thou hast bidden
 Babes like us to come to thee :
 Once by thy disciples chidden,
 Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to God, who freely gave us
 His beloved Son to die:
 From eternal death to save us;
 Glory be to God on high!

234

Death.

7's.

I AM young, but I must die,
 In my grave I soon shall lie;
 Am I ready now to go,
 If the will of God be so?

2 Lord, prepare me for my end,
 To my heart thy Spirit send,
 Help me, Jesus, thee to love,
 Take my soul to heaven above.

3 Then I shall with Jesus be,
 Then I shall my Saviour see;
 Never more to suffer pain,
 Never more to sin again.

235

Little Samuel.

H. M.

WHEN little Samuel woke
 And heard his Maker's voice,
 At every word He spoke,
 How much did he rejoice!
 Oh, blessed, happy child, to find
 The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy should I be!
 Oh, how would I attend!
 The smallest sin I then should fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak ?
 Oh, yes ! for in his word
 He bids me come and seek
 The God whom Samuel heard :
 In almost every page I see,
 The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care
 May safely rest my head ;
 I know that God is there,
 To guard my humble bed ;
 And every sin I well may fear,
 Since God Almighty is so near.

236

Oh ! that will be Joyful.

P. M.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
 Here we meet to part again,
 In heaven we part no more.
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
 When they die to heaven will go,
 And sing with saints above.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

3 *Little children* will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
 From every Sunday-school.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

4 *Teachers*, too, shall meet above,
 And our *pastors*, whom we love,
 Shall meet to part no more.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

5 Oh ! how happy we shall be !
 For our Saviour we shall see,
 Exalted on his throne !
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 When we meet to part no more.

237

Meeting in Heaven.

C. M.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below
 In fellowship of love,
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.
 Oh ! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh ! that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more.
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With those who've gone before.

2 The children who have loved the Lord
 Shall hail their teachers there ;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

238

The School Gathering.

L. M.

WE come, we come, with loud acclaim,
 To sing the praise of Jesus' name ;

And make the vaulted temple ring
 With loud hosannas to our King.
 With joyful heart and smiling face,
 We gather round the throne of grace,
 And lowly bend to offer there,
 From youthful lips, our humble prayer—
 To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
 A gentle child as young as we.

2 We come, we come, the song to swell,
 To Him who loved our world so well ;
 That stooping from his Father's throne,
 He died to claim it as his own.
 With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
 Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
 O thus may we in heaven above,
 Unite in praises and in love ;
 And still the angels fill their home
 With joyful cry, “they come, they come.”

239

The Bible.

7's.

HOLY Bible ! Book divine !
 Precious treasure ! Thou art mine !
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
 Mine, thou art to guide my feet,
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine, to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom ;

Oh, thou precious book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

240

Story of the Saviour.

8, 7.

HOW much better I'm attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like me.

- 2 Soft and easy was my cradle,
Coarse and hard my Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.
- 3 Was there nothing but a manger,
Sinful mortals could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger,
Did they thus insult the Lord ?
- 4 See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky ;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.
- 5 From the East, the wise men pressing,
In their arms rich jewels bring,
To receive the precious blessing
Of their long-expected King.
- 6 Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me sorry while I sing.
- 7 'Twas to save us all from dying,
Save us all from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That our blest Redeemer came.

8 May we learn to know and fear him,
 Love and serve him all our days,
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face and sing his praise.

241

The Harvest Home.

7's.

JESUS, we thy lambs would be,
 Humbly we would follow thee,
 Waiting for the joyful day,
 When all care will pass away;
 When the reaping time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest-home.

2 Now the fields with grain are white,
 Now the day is dawning bright,—
 Brighter far the sky will be,
 When our Master we shall see,
 When the reaping time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest-home.

3 May we wait and watch and pray
 For the coming of that day,
 When the wheat shall sifted be,
 And the chaff be driv'n from thee:
 For the reaping time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest-home.

242

Come to Sunday-school.

P. M.

COME! come! come!
 Come to the Sunday-school:
 The hour is past and gone;
 It is our teacher's rule,—
 So hasten, every one.

2 Come! come! come!
 Come to the Sunday-school:

It is the hour of prayer ;
 We break our teacher's rule,—
 So hasten, hasten there.

3 Come ! come ! come !
 Come to the Sunday-school :
 Hark ! don't you hear the bell ?
 I will not break the rule,—
 So, lingering child, farewell.

243

The Happy Land.

P. M.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day ;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand ?
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye,
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun
 We reign for aye.

244

Early at School.

10's.

1 I'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath-day,
For it's wrong to doze holy time away ;
With my lessons learned, it shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

2 Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy there, while the woods do ring ;
So, when Sunday comes, it shall be my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

3 While the tuneful birds and the summer's sun
All in time are found with their works all done,
Shall not I, more blest, ever keep this rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school ?

4 When the summer's sun awakes the flowers,
again
They the call obey—none are tardy then ;
Now shall I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school ?

5 While the days of youth swiftly glide away,
Let us seek the path to the realms of day ;
We shall not regret that we kept this rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

245

Christ, a Child's Saviour.

C. M.

LORD, teach a sinful child to pray ;
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I strayed :
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain ;
 Can fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let all his children come,
 For he hath said they may ;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek his face
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.

246

Children of Jerusalem.

7's.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
 Sang the praise of Jesus' name ;
 Children too of later days
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
 (Girls.) Hark ! hark ! hark !
 (Boys.) While infant voices sing,
 (Together.) Loud hosannas, loud hosannas
 To our King.

2 Christ approved their song, and said,
 Have ye not then often read,
 God accepts the simple praise
 That these babes and sucklings raise ?
 Hark ! hark ! hark ! &c.

3 Come, let all our youthful train
 Swell the humble, grateful strain ;
 Hallelujah, let us sing
 Loud hosannas to our King.
 Hark ! hark ! hark ! &c.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song ;
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannas reach the skies.
 Hark ! hark ! hark ! &c.

247

Sunday Morning.

11's.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest ;
 The day of the week which I surely love best :
 The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
 And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2 Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
 And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;
 Remembering these seasons were graciously given
 To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;
 In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour, a child though I be,
 I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
 Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
 I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

5 And at length, when my Sundays on earth are all fled,
 And my bounding young limbs are cold, silent, and dead ;
 O, take me dear Saviour, and grant me to spend That Sunday in heaven which never shall end.

248

Jesus loves the Poor.

7's.

POOR and needy though I be,
 God, my Maker, cares for me ;
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
 Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
 He is with me night and day,
 When I sleep and when I wake,
 Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
 Once became as poor as I ;
 He whose blood for me was shed,
 Had not where to lay his head.

Though I labour here awhile,
 He will bless me with a smile ;
 And when this short life is past,
 I shall rest with him at last.

249

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name,
 May thy kingdom all holy on earth be the same :
 O, give to us daily our portion of bread,
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

3 Forgive our transgression and teach us to know
 That humble compassion that pardons each foe.
 Save us from temptation, from weakness and sin ;
 And thine be the glory, for ever. Amen.

250

A Blessing Asked.

L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
 O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;

We meet to read, and sing and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to heaven soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

251

The Bible for the Heathen.

7's.

SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow ;
With her own maternal hand,
'Mid the waves her infant throw !

- 2 Hark ! I hear the piteous scream ;
Frightful monsters seize their prey ;
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.
- 3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear ;
But the mother's heart is steel,
She, unmoved, that cry can hear.
- 4 Send, O send, the Bible there ;
Let its precepts reach the heart ;
She may then her children spare,
She may act the mother's part.

252

Sincerity in Prayer.

C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,

God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice
My heart will love him too.

253

A Child's Prayer.

C. M.

SAVIOUR, teach me how to pray,
And then accept my prayer ;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

4 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call ;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

254

Trifling in Worship.

L. M.

IN God's own house for me to play,
 While Christians meet to hear and pray,
 Is to profane his holy place,
 And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
 And devils tremble at his word,
 Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
 To mock, and sport, and trifle there ?

3 Great God, compassionate and mild,
 Forgive the follies of a child ;
 Teach me to pray and love thy word,
 That I may learn to serve the Lord.

255

The Blood of Christ.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
 Unworthy though I be,
 For me a blood bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine—
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

256

I'll seek God.

C. M.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
 " Ye children, seek my grace ;"
 My heart replied, without delay,
 " I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy love be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want, or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all I need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

257

Allurements of Sin.

7's.

MANY voices seem to say,
 "Hither, children—here's the way ;
 Haste along, and nothing fear
 Every pleasant thing is here!"

- 2 Yes—but whither would ye lead ?
 Is it happiness indeed ?
 Or a little shining show,
 Leading down to death and wo ?
- 3 We were made for better things ;
 High as heaven our nature springs ;
 Like the lark that upward flies,
 We were made to seek the skies.
- 4 We were made to love and fear
 That great God who placed us here,
 Made to study and fulfil
 All his good and holy will.
- 5 We were made to work awhile,
 Cheerful at our work to smile :
 Thinking, as we labour thus,
 Of the heaven prepared for us.
- 6 So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
 By the hand of Jesus led ;
 Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
 Ours is happiness indeed !

258

Teacher's Illness.

L. M.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,
 · Regard our simple earnest prayer,
 And make our teacher now thy care.

- 2 Preserve thy servant from the grave ;
Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, to save ;
Back to our hopes and wishes give
Our teacher, Lord, and bid him live.
- 3 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the narrow way.
- 4 Around him may thy angels stand,
To bear him to a better land ;
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to the upper skies.

259

Heaven.

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

6 Filled with delight my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

260

Missionary Hymn.

7, 6.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise ;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise ;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet :
To join with those who love thee,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers
Who labor for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood ;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King ;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord ;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

261

Hymn of Praise.

8, 7.

COME, ye children, and adore him,
 Lord of all, he reigns above ;
 Come and worship now before him,
 He hath called you by his love.
 He will grant you every blessing
 Of his all abounding grace ;
 Come, with humble hearts expressing
 All your gratitude and praise.

2 On this holy day of gladness,
 We will join in praises meet ;
 Every bosom free from sadness,
 All with happiness replete.
 O to feel the love of Jesus !
 O to know that, from above,
 Still our heavenly Father sees us
 With an eye of tender love !

3 Dearest children, now adore him ;
 Swell aloud the joyful strain ;
 Let the nations bow before him,
 Echo back the notes again.
 While he will accept the praises,
 E'en from every heart and tongue,
 Those to him an infant raises,
 Still are sweetest of the song.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
 Now ascends to thee alone ;
 We would come, with all the nation,
 Now to worship at thy throne.
 Teachers ! will you join the chorus ?
 Join in hymning forth his praise,
 Who, for our redemption, shows us
 All the riches of his grace ?

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever !
 Gladly now we all unite ;
 Praise to thee, O God ! the giver,
 Blessed Lord, of life and light !
 Ransomed nation, spread the story !
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er !
 All his grace, and all his glory,
 O proclaim for evermore !

262

Blind Bartimeus.

8, 7.

“ MERCY, O thou Son of David !”
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed ;
 “ Mercy, O thou Son of David !
 Now to me afford thine aid.”

2 Many for his crying blamed him,
 But he called the louder still,
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 “ Come, and ask me what you will.”

3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 But he asked and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.

4 “ Lord, remove this grievous blindness
 Let my eyes behold the day !”
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around :
 “ Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found !

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me !
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.”

263

Invitation to Praise.

C. M.

COME, children, hail the Prince of peace,
 Obey the Saviour's call;
 Come, seek his face, and taste his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
 Ye children, great and small,
 Hosanna sing to Christ your King :
 O crown him Lord of all.

3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
 O haste ! before him fall ;
 For you he died, that you might live
 To crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every people, every tribe,
 Around this earthly ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 All hail, the Saviour, Prince of peace,
 Let saints before him fall ;
 Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

264

Children in Heaven.

L. M.

HAPPY the children who are gone
 To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
 Who stand around his glorious throne,
 Redeem'd by blood, and sav'd by grace.

2 The Saviour, whom they loved below,
 Hath softly wiped their tears away ;
 No sin, no sorrow, there they know,
 But dwell in one eternal day.

3 There to their golden harps they sing,
 While tens of thousands join their songs,
 Hosannas to the immortal King,
 To whom immortal praise belongs.

4 O glorious Lord, and when shall we
 Be brought with them in bliss to join ;
 Thy lovely countenance to see,
 And sing thy mercies all divine ?

265

Singing in Heaven.

C. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
 Thousands of children stand—
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing glory, glory, glory.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one array'd,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing glory, glory.

3 Once they were little things like you,
 And lived on earth below,
 And could not praise, as now they do,
 The Lord who loved them so,
 Singing glory, glory.

4 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
 How came those children there ?
 Singing glory, glory.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name ;

So now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing glory, glory.

266

*Calvary.**7s.*

LO, at noon 'tis sudden night,
 Darkness covers all the sky !
 Rocks are rending at the sight !
 Children, can you tell me why ?
 What can all these wonders be ?
 Jesus dies at Calvary !

- 2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
 How his tender limbs are torn
 For a royal crown of gold,
 They have made him one of thorn :
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind
 Thorns upon a brow so kind !
- 3 See, the blood is falling fast
 From his forehead and his side !
 Hark ! he now has breathed his last,
 With a mighty groan he died !
 Children, shall I tell you why
 Jesus condescends to die ?
- 4 He, who was a King above,
 Left his kingdom for a grave,
 Out of pity and of love,
 That the guilty he might save :
 Down to this sad world he flew,
 For such little ones as you.
- 5 You were wretched, weak, and vile ;
 You deserved his holy frown ;
 But he saw you with a smile,
 And, to save you, hasten'd down.

Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

6 Come, then, children, come and see ;
Lift you little hands to pray ;
“Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty infant,” say ;
“Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die.”

267

Coming to Jesus.

8, 7.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus,
Mother dear, forbid me not ;
By his blood from hell he frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot.

2 Suffer me, my earthly father,
At his pierced feet to fall :
Why forbid me ? help me, rather ;
Jesus is my all in all.

3 Suffer me to run unto him,
Gentle sisters, come with me ;
Oh, that all I love but knew him,
Then my home a heaven would be.

4 Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross ;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

5 Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father, mother, sister, friend,
Jesus never will forbid me !
Jesus loves me to the end !

6 Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder
Carry me a sinful lamb,

Give me faith and make me bolder,
Till with thee in heaven I am.

268 *“Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.”*

JUST as I am ! without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee ;
 O Lamb of God, I come !

2 Just as I am ! and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot ;—
 O Lamb of God, I come !

3 Just as I am ! though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt ;
With fears within, and foes without ;—
 O Lamb of God, I come !

4 Just as I am ! poor, wretched, blind :
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,—
Yea, all I need,—in Thee to find ;—
 O Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am ! thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;—
Because thy promise I believe ;—
 O Lamb of God, I come !

6 Just as I am ! thy love now known,
Has broken every barrier down ;—
Now to be thine, yea thine alone ;
 O Lamb of God, I come !

269

Jesus All in All.

8,7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee :

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own !

2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me ;
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear ;
 Think what spirit dwells within thee,
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
 Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and urged by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

270

How Happy are They.

P. M.

HOW happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above ;
 O, what tongue can express
 The sweet comfort and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That comfort was mine
 When the favor divine,
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name !

3 Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know,
 The angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song,
 O that all, his salvation might see,
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carried above,
 All sin and temptation and pain,
 And I could not believe,

That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which is found in his life giving blood !
Of a Saviour possessed,
We are perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

271

The Voice of Free Grace.

P. M.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race,
Christ hath opened a fountain ;
For sin and uncleanness,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely,
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy,—
And can you forbear ?
Though your sins are increased
As high as a mountain,
That blood can remove them,
Which streams from the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now Jesus our King
Reigns triumphant and glorious,

Over sin, death, and hell,
 He is more than victorious.
 With shouting proclaim it,
 O trust in his passion ;
 He saves us most freely,
 O precious salvation !—
 Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
 Having gained that blest shore,
 With our harps in our hand,
 We will praise him the more ;
 We will range the sweet plains,
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation,
 For ever and ever.
 Hallelujah, &c.

272

The Christian Child.

7's.

PEOPLE of the living God—
 Though my days but few have been,
 Weary is the path I've trod,
 For I've walked the ways of sin :
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns to you a child unblest,—
 Fathers ! where your altar burns,
 Oh ! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave :
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your dear Saviour shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Worldly pomp or worldly power,
 Welcome God my Saviour's cross !
 Welcome e'en affliction's hour !
 "Follow me !" I know thy voice,
 Jesus, my Lord, Thy steps I see,
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light Thy burden now to me !

273

Sufferings of Jesus.

7, 6.

O SACRED head, now wounded
 With grief and shame bowed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded,
 With thorns thine only crown ;
 O sacred head, what glory,
 What bliss ere now was thine,
 But though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine !

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
 In other days the world
 All feared when thou appearedst,
 What shame on thee is hurled !
 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn,
 How do those features languish,
 Which once were bright as morn.

3 What thou, my Lord, has suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain,
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
 Tis I deserve thy place,
 Look on me with thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

4 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joy beside,
When in thy body broken,
 I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring,
 Thy glory now to see,
Besides thy cross expiring,
 I'll breathe my soul to thee.

5 What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end,—
O make me thine forever,
 And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee.

6 If ever I should leave thee,
 O Jesus, leave not me,
In faith may I receive thee,
 When death may set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
 By thine own wounded heart.

7 Be near when I am dying,
 Then show thy cross to me !
And to my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free—
These eyes new faith receiving,
 From Jesus will not move,
For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely through thy love.

274

Jesus was once a Child.

L. M. 64.

DID God that reigns in heaven above,
 Make all the sky and earth and sea ?
 And dare I strive to seek his love,
 And will he hear a child like me ?
 O yes ! for he who reigns on high,
 Was once a child as young as I.

2 Upon his mother's breast he lay,
 Beside his mother's knee he stood,
 To him a child may surely pray,
 He'll teach me to be wise and good ;
 O yes ! for he who reigns on high,
 Was once a child as young as I.

3 But round his throne the angels stand,
 My feeble voice he cannot know,
 O yes ! for once with gentle hand,
 He blessed young children here below—
 O yes ! for he who reigns on high,
 Was once a child as young as I.

4 I'll praise him then from day to day,
 On earth him only I'll adore,
 And when he takes my soul away,
 I'll praise and sing and love him more—
 O yes ! for he who reigns on high,
 Was once a child as young as I.

275

Loving Kindness of the Saviour.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving kindness, O, how free !

His loving kindness—Loving kindness,
 His loving kindness—O, how free !

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O, how strong !
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O, how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O ! may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

276

City of God.

8, 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God,
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his blest abode ;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose,

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile upon thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river,
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each little family hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near :
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.

277

The Friend of Sinners.

8, 7.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above.

278

We'll not give up the Bible.

P. M.

WE'LL not give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth ;
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth :
 The sun that sheds a glorious light,
 O'er every dreary road ;
 The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
 And calls us home to God.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
 For pleasure or for pain ;
 We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
 For all that we might gain :
 Though man should try to take our prize,
 By guile or cruel might ;
 We'll suffer all that man could do,
 And God defend the right.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
 But spread it far and wide ;
 Until its saving voice be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide :
 'Till all shall know its gracious power,
 And with one voice and heart,
 Resolve, that from God's sacred word,
 We'll never, never part !

279

Sweet Sabbath-school.

C. M.

SWEET Sabbath-school, place dear to me,
 Where'er through life I roam,

My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard,
Whose birth the angels sung ;
When o'er the shepherds, fill'd with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3 O, holy place ! where first we shed
The penitential tear ;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4 When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end ;
In God's eternal Sabbath place,
May we our anthems blend.

280

What of the Night?

7's.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ;
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain height,
See that glory beaming star.

2 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
Traveller ! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends ;
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

4 Watchman ! will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth ;
Traveller ! ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman ! let thy wand'ring cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;
 Traveller ! lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

281

Remember Me.

C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
 Remember me.

2 When growing on my burdened heart,
 My sins lie heavily ;
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Oh ! let my strength be as my day,
 For good remember me.

4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
 Shame and reproaches be,
 All hail reproach and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.

5 The hour is near, consigned to death,
 I own thy just decree ;
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry, Remember me.
 Remember me, remember me,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

282

Child's Creed.

8, 7.

WE are little Christian children,
 We can run, and talk, and play ;
 The Great God of earth and heaven,
 Made, and keeps us every day.

2 We are little Christian children,
 Christ, the Son of God most high,
 With his precious blood redeemed us,
 Dying that we might not die.

3 We are little Christian children,
 God the Holy Ghost is here,
 Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
 Kind, and holy, good, and dear.

4 We are little Christian children,
 Saved by him who loves us most ;
 We believe in God Almighty,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

283

The Love of Christ.

C. M.

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains He had to bear ;
 But we believe it was for us,
 He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good ;
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was none other, good enough
 To pay the price of sin ;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

284

The Holy Ghost.

C. M.

I KNEW a little, sickly child,
 The long, long summer's day,
 When all the world was green and bright,
 Alone in bed he lay :
 There used to come a little dove,
 Before his window small,
 And sing to him with her sweet voice,
 Out of the fir tree tall.

2 And when the sick child better grew,
 And he could crawl along,
 Close to that window he would creep,
 And listen to her song :
 And he was gentle in his speech,
 And quiet at his play ;
 He would not for the world, have made
 That sweet bird fly away.

3 There is a holy dove, that sings
 To every pious child ;
 That whispers to his little heart,
 A song as sweet and mild :
 It is the Holy Spirit : God,
 That speaks his soul within ;
 That leads him on to all things good,
 And holds him back from sin.

4 And he must hear that still small voice,
 Nor tempt it to depart;
 The Spirit great and wonderful,
 That whispers to his heart:
 He must be pure, and good, and true,
 Must strive, and watch, and pray,
 For unresisted sin, at last,
 Will drive that dove away.

285

God is in Heaven.

C. M.

GOD is in heaven ! Can he hear
 A little prayer like mine ?
 Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear,
 He listeneth to thine.

2 God is in heaven ! Can he see
 When I am doing wrong ?
 Yes, that he can ; he looks at thee
 All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven ! Would he know
 If I should tell a lie ?
 Yes, though thou said'st it very low,
 He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven ! Does he care—
 Does he provide for me ?
 Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
 'Tis God that gives it thee.

5 God is in heaven ! Can I go
 To thank him for his care ?
 Not yet; but love him here below,
 And he will take thee there.

6 God is in heaven ! May I pray
 To go there when I die ?
 Yes; seek and serve him, and one day
 He'll take thee to the sky.

286

The Dying Child.

P. M.

WHY do you weep ?
 I am falling asleep,
 And Jesus my Shepherd
 Is watching his sheep;
 His arm is beneath me,
 His eye is above;
 His Spirit within me
 Says, " Rest in my love :

2 " With blood I have bought thee,
 And wash'd thee from sin;
 With care I have brought thee
 My fold to be in;
 Refresh'd by still waters,
 In green pastures fed,
 Thy day has gone by—
 I am making thy bed."

287

My Father's at the Helm.

C. M.

'TWAS when the seas with horrid roar,
 A little bark assailed;
 And pallid fear, with awful power,
 O'er each on board prevailed.

2 Save one, the Captain's darling child,
 Who fearless view'd the storm;
 And, playful, with composure smil'd,
 At danger's threatening form.

3 " Why sporting thus," a seaman cries,
 " Whilst sorrows overwhelm ?"
 " Why yield to grief ?" the boy replies;
 " My Father's at the helm !"

4 Safe in His hands whom seas obey
 When swelling surges rise,
 He turns the darkest night to day,
 And brightens lowering skies.

5 Then upward look ; howe'er distress'd,
 Jesus will guide thee home
 To that eternal port of rest
 Where storms shall never come.

288

Jesus alone.

7, 6.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us,
 From the accursed load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in him ;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

5 I love the name of Jesus—
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord !
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name is spread abroad.

6 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;

I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

7 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

289

Early Piety.

C. M.

JESUS, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

2 At twelve years old, he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand;) Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

3 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

4 Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

5 Then why should I so long delay,
What others learn'd so soon?
I would not pass another day,
Without this work begun.

290

Loving without Seeing.

L. M.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,

If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

2 Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who heal'd the sick, and cured the blind :
Oh, must not I have loved him then ?

3 But where is Jesus ? Is he dead ?
Oh, no ; he lives in heaven above :
" And blest are they," the Saviour said,
" Who, tho' they have not seen me, love.

4 He sees us from his throne on high,
As well as when on earth he dwelt ;
And when to him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then he felt.

5 And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much I will love him and adore ;
But when in heaven I see his face,
'Twill be my joy to love him more.

291

Giving all to Jesus.

C. M.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
Did he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
 The debt of love I owe,
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

292

God's care for All.

P. M.

BEHOLD the daisy where you tread,
 That little lowly thing ;
 Behold the insects overhead,
 That play about in spring ;
 Tho' we may think them mean and small,
 Yet God takes notice of them all.

2 And will not He as surely make
 A feeble child his care ?
 Yes; Jesus died for children's sake,
 And loves an infant's prayer ;
 God made the bees and daisies too,
 And watches over them and you.

293

Hopes of Heaven.

8, 5.

IF this life should last for ever,
 'Twould be sad for me ;
 I should see my Saviour never,
 Whom I long to see.
 All my blissful hopes of heaven,
 Soon would fade away,
 If to me the boon were given,
 Here on earth to stay.
 Then if this life, &c.

2 Now on hope's bright pinions soaring,
 Far away from earth,
 I can feel with heart adoring,
 Joys of heavenly birth.
 All the joys of earth are fleeting,
 Dearest friends may die ;
 But there is a place of meeting,
 At our home on high.
 Then if this life, &c.

294

Sabbath Bells.

P. M.

WHEN the moon is beaming,
 Over the hills and dells,
 Sweet to wake from dreaming,
 Hearing the Sabbath bells.
 All nature robed in cheerfulness,
 Invites the heart to praise.
 Our Father God, thy name we bless,
 For all our Sabbath days.

2 When the eve is shading
 Over the hills and dells,
 Holy visions aiding,
 Hark to the Sabbath bells !
 When comes the peaceful twilight hour,
 We'll sing a song of praise ;
 Our Father God, we thee adore,
 For all our Sabbath days.

295

Light of Even.

C. M.

AT evening time it shall be light,
 When Jesus comes to reign ;
 The sun shall rise, which beaming bright,
 Shall never set again ;

The glorious sun of righteousness,
 With healing in his wings,
 Where'er he shines unfailing bliss
 O'er all creation springs.

2 Jerusalem ! thy living streams
 Shall freely flow again,
 And sparkling in the gladsome beams,
 Shall water every plain.
 Then may the joyful nations come,
 And quench their longing thirst ;
 And Jews shall hear their welcome home,
 In loud hosannas burst.

296

Children with Jesus.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he call'd little children, as lambs, to his
 fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.
 I wish that his hands had been placed on my
 head,
 That his arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look when
 he said,
 ' Let the little ones come unto me.'

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love,
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above—
 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
 For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 ' For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home—
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to his arms, and be blessed.

297

Jesus the Soul's Delight.

8's.

O JESUS, delight of the soul,
 Our Saviour, our Shepherd divine,
 I yield to thy blessed control,
 My body and spirit are thine.
 Thy love I can never deserve,
 That bids me be happy in thee,
 My God and my King I will serve,
 Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
 By nature so weak and defiled,
 Myself I have given away,
 O call me thine own blessed child.
 And art thou my Father above,
 Will Jesus abide in my heart,
 O bind me so fast with thy love,
 That I never from thee shall depart.

298

One Sunday More.

L. M.

THIS day belongs to God alone,
 He chose the Sabbath for his own,
 And we must neither work nor play,
 Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
 That we may learn the way to heaven ;
 Then let us spend it as we should,
 In serving God and growing good.

3 We ought to-day to learn and seek
 What we may think of all the week,
 And be the better every day,
 For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every Sunday should be past,
 As if we knew it were our last ;
 What would the dying sinner give,
 To have one Sabbath more to live.

299

A Blessing on Teaching.

8, 7, 4.

THOU who did'st with love and blessing,
 Gather Zion's babes to thee,
 Still a Saviour's love expressing,
 Now the babes of Zion see ;
 Bless the labors,
 That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon our weak endeavor,
 Vain if thou thy smile deny,
 Let them rise to live forever,
 Train, O train them for the sky.
 Ne'er may Satan,
 Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Lord in humble fervor bending,
 We thy blessing would entreat ;
 4 Let thy Spirit now descending,
 Make the toils of learning sweet.
 Strait to Zion,
 Guide the young inquirer's feet.

5 Then when long we all have slumbered,
 Side by side, in common dust,
 With thy ransomed people numbered,
 With the assembly of the just.
 Child and teacher,
 Saviour! own our humble trust.

300

Death of a Scholar.

8, 7, 4.

WHERE we oft have met in gladness,
 On the holy Sabbath day,
 Slowly now with tearful sadness,
 Each pursues his mournful way.
 Tears are falling
 On this holy Sabbath day.

2 One we love has left our number,
 For the dark and silent tomb,
 Closed his eyes in deathless slumber,
 Faded in his early bloom.
 Hear us, Saviour,
 Thou hast blest the lonely tomb.

3 Through its dark and narrow portal
 Once they bore thee to thy rest,
 There a ray of life immortal,
 Like a sunbeam from the west,
 Burst the shadows,
 And the grave was thenceforth blest.

4 By the light that thus was given,
 To the darkness of the tomb,
 By the blessed light of heaven,
 Gilding scenes of earthly gloom.
 Star of gladness,
 This our night with joy illume.

5 From our circle, little brother,
 Early hast thou passed away,

But the angels say—another
 Joins our holy song to-day ;
 Weep no longer,
 Join with them the sacred lay.

301

The Sorrows of Jesus.

8, 7.

CHILDREN, who of Jesus' sorrows,
 Come the woful tale to hear,
 See what streams of blood pour for us,
 Drop, O ! drop, at least a tear.
 Lo ! for your own sins devoted,
 Bless the victim from on high,
 By his sufferings animated,
 For him live and for him die.

2 Now behold the man of sorrows,
 On the cross exalted high,
 Suffering, bleeding, dying for us,
 Now behold salvation nigh.
 Children hear his heavenly lessons,
 Hearken to his dying cries ;
 His blaspheming foes he pardons,
 For them prays and for them dies.

3 Ah ! to Him how deep and painful,
 Is the anguish sinners give ;
 From our crimes and pleasures shameful,
 All these wrongs He did receive.
 Why should sin thus hold dominion,
 Why our bleeding Saviour spurn,
 Rather o'er his crucifixion,
 Bid our hearts repenting mourn.

302

Evening Hymn.

8, 7.

AS the dewy shades of even,
 Gather o'er the balmy air,

Listen, Saviour, bend from heaven,
Listen to my vesper prayer.

2 Bid thy spirit o'er me hover,
Free my thoughts from aught defiled,
With thy wings of mercy cover,
Keep from sin thy helpless child.

3 Thine own sinless heart was broken,
Sorrow, sword did pierce its core,
Holy Saviour ! by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.

4 Lord of heaven ! guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair,
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me Saviour to thy care.

303

Glory be to God. Amen.

L. M.

DEPART awhile each thought of care,
Be earthly things forgotten all,
And speak my soul thy evening prayer,
Obedient to thy Master's call ;
For hark ! the pealing chorus swells,
While children chant the hymn of praise,
And now of joy and hope it tells,
Till fainting on the ear it says,
Glory be to God. Amen.

2 Thine, wondrous babe of Galilee,
Fond theme of David's harp and song,
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy,
To thee its ransomed choirs belong ;
And hark ! again the chorus swells,
The song is wafted on the breeze,
And to the listening earth it tells,
In accents soft and sweet as these,
Glory be to God. Amen.

3 My heart doth feel that He is near,
 To meet the soul in hours like this ;
 Else why, O why the falling tear,
 When all is peace and love and bliss.
 But hark ! anew the chorus swells,
 And children's voices peal the strain,
 And still of joy and hope it tells,
 And bids creation sing again,
 Glory be to God. Amen.

304

My Country.

P. M.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let praises ring.

2 Land where the Lord is known,
 Make, make it long thine own,
 Saviour of all ;
 Land where young children raise
 Songs in His daily praise,
 Taught from their earliest days,
 On Him to call.

3 My native country ! Thee,
 Land of the good and free,
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and church-crowned hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Poured from above.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing ;

Long may our land be bright,
 With free and holy light,
 Protected by thy might,
 Great God our King.

305

Worship.

P. M.

O LORD, let our songs find acceptance before
 Thee,
 And pierce through the skies to thine upper-
 most throne,
 For thou stoopest to listen when children adore
 thee,
 And sendest thy blessings like messengers down.

2 Our Father, our Father, we ask thee to guide us,
 And keep us from sin till life's journey be o'er,
 Then the last sigh of nature, what e'er else be-
 tides us,
 Shall waft us to glory when time is no more.

3 Then, then will we sing the sweet song of the
 blessed,
 And mingle our strains with the myriads above,
 Far surpassing all strains that our tongues e'er
 expressed,
 And Jesus, the chorus, and Infinite Love.

306

O Come let us Sing.

P. M.

O COME let us sing !
 Our youthful hearts now swelling,
 To God above, a God of love,
 O come let us sing !
 Our happy spirits glad and free,
 Shall urge our thoughts to rise to thee,
 In heavenly melody,
 O come let us sing !

2 O swell, swell the song,
 His praises oft repeating,
 His Son He gave our souls to save,
 O swell, swell the song !
 Come young, come old, your tribute bring,
 Let gushing streams of love upspring,
 And make the heavens ring
 With sweet swelling song.

3 A full chorus join,
 To Jesus condescending,
 To bless our race with heavenly grace,
 A full chorus join.
 To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
 And Holy Spirit reconciled,
 By Christ the meek and mild,
 A full chorus join.

307

Looking to Jesus.

C. M.

WHEN languer and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of his love,
 Sweet to look upward to the place,
 Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name,
 In life's fair book set down,
 Sweet to look forward and behold
 Eternal joys mine own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine,
 My sins on Jesus laid,
 Sweet to remember that his blood,
 My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his wise decrees,
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
 And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
 Immediately from thee.

308

Amen ! So be it.

AMEN ! Amen ! The prayers are said,
 But still we pause on bended knee,
 And lingering, though the words are said,
 Look fondly up to Thee.

2 Amen ! So be it: let nothing bad,
 Scatter our incense on the air,
 No wandering thoughts that we have had,
 Arise to cloud our prayer.

3 So be it, Father ! yet awhile,
 We hang upon thy patient ear,
 And in the brightness of thy smile,
 A moment tarry here.

4 Like one who on a cloudy day,
 Has caught a glimpse of the blue sky,
 And though the gleam has passed away,
 Still looks with longing eye.

5 Or like a strain of music sweet,
 That dies away in mountain ground,
 Till one by one the hills repeat,
 The solitary sound.

6 So down the full church falls alone,
 The Pastor's voice : it sinks, and then
 Sweet echo to that solemn tone,
 We breathe our soft Amen.

309

The Prayer Book.

WE wont give up the Prayer Book,
 Our holy church's pride,
 On every page of which we read,
 Of Jesus crucified.
 The blessed form of wholesome words,
 To lead our minds away,
 From earthly thoughts and vanities,
 And teach us how to pray.
 We wont give up the Prayer Book, &c.

2 We wont give up the Prayer Book,
 With martyr's life-drops wet ;
 In which the wisdom of the past,
 Like precious pearls is set.
 And as rich perfumes sweetly rise,
 From some fair garden's bed,
 The fragrance there of Scripture truth,
 On every leaf is spread.
 We wont give up the Prayer Book, &c.

3 We wont give up the Prayer Book,
 It is our charter, bond—
 And still we'll hold it to our hearts,
 With feelings warm and fond.
 We'll cling to it as something dear,
 Devotion's cheering aid,
 The Bible first, and then the prayers,
 Our holy fathers made.
 We wont give up the Prayer Book, &c.

310

The Child's Welcome.

8, 7.

WHEN I read the wondrous story,
 Of my Saviour's life and death ;
 How he left the realms of glory,
 And for man resigned his breath.

2 I am lost in praise and wonder,
 At his love so rich and free ;
 May it melt my heart asunder,
 Break its pride, and conquer me.

3 Dare a little child approach him,
 And his tender pity crave ?
 Will it not be deemed encroaching,
 Will he such a sinner save ?

4 Yes ! for with compassion beaming,
 From his kind and tender eye ;
 While with love his words are teeming,
 Hear this blessed Saviour cry :

5 " Come and welcome, 'tis my pleasure,
 Little children to receive ;
 Those who seek me find a treasure—
 Which this world can never give."

6 Lord, I come, and would surrender,
 All I have and am to thee ;
 While I cry, " what shall I render
 To the Lord for calling me."

311

Calling the Weary.

7, 6.

COME unto Christ, ye weary,
 And He will give you rest ;
 Like the belov'd disciple,
 Come lean upon His breast ;
 There free from every sorrow,
 Come, and forget your care,
 For sin shall ne'er assail you,
 Nor grief shall reach you there.

2 Hear what the Lord hath spoken,
 Your great unchanging friend,

Whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Whose love shall never end ;
 Whoe'er my word receiving,
 Comes, without fear or doubt,
 Repenting and believing—
 “ I will not cast him out ! ”

3 Say not, ye are too evil—
 So great a boon to crave,
 'Twas sinners, not the righteous,
 He stooped from heaven to save ;
 Then come ye heavy laden !
 From all your sorrows cease,
 Come, rest upon his promise,
 Believe, and be at peace.

312

Children Called to Christ.

LIKE mist on the mountain,
 Like ships on the sea,
 So swiftly the years
 Of our pilgrimage flee ;
 In the grave of our fathers,
 How soon we shall lie !
 Dear children, to-day,
 To a Saviour fly.

2 When Samuel was young,
 He first knew the Lord,
 He slept in his smile,
 And rejoiced in his word ;
 So most of God's children,
 Are early brought nigh,
 Oh, seek him in youth,
 To a Saviour fly.

3 Do you ask me for pleasure ?
 Then lean on his breast,

For there the sin-laden
 And weary find rest.
 In the valley of death,
 You will triumphing cry,
 " If this be called dying,
 'Tis pleasant to die!"

313

Fountain of Siloam.

C. M.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side,
 A gentle fountain springs,
 Silent and soft its waters glide,
 Like the peace the Spirit brings.

2 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
 The cool and quiet wave,
 And the thirsty spirit stops to think
 Of Him who came to save.

3 Siloam is the fountain's name,
 It means, "*One sent from God*,"
 And thus the holy Saviour's fame,
 It gently spreads abroad.

3 O grant that I, like this sweet well,
 May Jesus' image bear,
 And spend my life, my all, to tell
 How full his mercies are.

314

The Ten Virgins.

IS your lamp filled, my child,
 With oil from Christ above?
 Has he your heart so wild,
 Made soft and full of love?

2 Then you are ready now,
 With Christ to enter in;

To see his holy brow,
And bid farewell to sin.

3 Sinners, behold the gate
Of Jesus open still ;
Come, ere it be too late,
And enter if you will.

4 The Saviour's gentle hand,
Knocks at your door to-day ;
But vain his loud demands,
You spurn his love away.

5 So at the Saviour's door,
You'll knock with trembling heart ;
The day of mercy o'er,
Jesus will say—depart !

315

Looking Home.

C. M.

MAY not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see ?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner to be free ?

2 A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear ;
And he that waits his absent Lord,
Must sigh till he appear.

3 I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows ;
Would search the mystery of the love,
The depth of all thy woes.

4 I fain would strike my golden harp,
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace hath done.

5 Ah leave me not in this dark world,
 A stranger still to roam,
 Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
 Come, Jesus, quickly come !

316

The Cross and Crown.

MUST Simon bear his cross alone,
 And all the world go free ?
 No ! there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
 Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
 Through which by faith the crown I see :
 To me, 'tis pardon bringing,
 O that's the cross for me, &c.

2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went mourning here,
 But now they taste unmixed love,
 And joy without a tear.
 Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,
 And cast out all tormenting fear,
 Which round my heart is clinging,
 O that's the love for me, &c.

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
 Till from the cross we're free,
 And then go home to wear the crown,
 For there's a crown for me ;
 Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
 The purchase of my Saviour's love,
 O that's the crown for me,
 O that's the crown for me, &c.

317

The Believer's Want.

L. M.

I WANT not India's pearly store,
 I want the joys of earth no more,

I want to quit each vain delight,
I want to walk with Christ in white.

- 2 I want to know my Saviour's love,
To fix my wandering heart above ;
I want more grace to conquer sin,
I want to feel new life within.
- 3 I want to lean on Jesus' breast,
And feel him my eternal rest ;
I want the Spirit's purging fire,
More faith, more love to raise me higher.
- 4 I want with Jesus to sit down,
I want to wear my heavenly crown,
I want the kingdom promised me,
I want no more, O Lord, but thee.

318

The Christian Pilgrims.

C. M.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed ;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn,
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd his brow with thorn ?
- 4 No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
 Nor turn aside to roam
 In folly's paths, nor seek our rest,
 Where *Jesus* had no home.

6 This fills our hearts with deep desire,
 To lose ourselves in love,
 Bears all our hopes from earth away,
 And fixes them above.

319

The Fatherland.

WE are but strangers here ;
 Heaven is our home !
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is our home !
 Danger and sorrow stand,
 Round about on every hand ;
 Heaven is our fatherland,
 Heaven is our home !

2 What though the tempest rage !
 Heaven is our home !
 Short is our pilgrimage ;
 Heaven is our home !
 And times wintry blast,
 Soon its storms shall all be past,
 We'll reach the goal at last,
 Heaven is our home !

3 There at our Saviour's side,
 Heaven is our home !
 We shall be glorified ;
 Heaven is our home !
 There with the good and blest,
 Those we've loved and honoured best,
 We shall forever rest ;
 Heaven is our home !

4 Therefore we'll murmur not ;
 Heaven is our home !
 Whate'er our earthly lot ;
 Heaven is our home !
 For we shall surely stand,
 Ever at our Lord's right hand ;
 Heaven is our fatherland,
 Heaven is our home !

320

Longing to Depart.

8's.

YE angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Emmanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known.
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise ;
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good ;
 In vain laid the tempter his snare,
 Upheld by his power ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat ;
 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
 He ransomed from death and despair,
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong ;
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
 I struggle and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see !

4 I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;
 I want—O I want to be there,
 To sorrow and sin bid adieu ;
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you !

321

Christian Union.

C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mixed in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
 And glowed with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
 And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by thee, thine own,

4 May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners, saved by grace,
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

5 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die,
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

6 Then when the mighty work is done,
 Receive thy ready bride,
 Give us in heaven a happy lot,
 With all thy sanctified.

322

Christ's Kingdom Come.

C. M.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
 Why sleep for sorrow now,
 The hope of glory, Christ is thine,
 A child of glory thou.

- 2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sighed for one that's far away,
 The bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
 The breaking morn is near ;
 And Jesus comes with voice of love.
 Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for O, his yearning heart
 No more can bear delay—
 To scenes of full unmixed joy,
 To call his bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
 A homeless wild to thee,
 Full soon upon his heavenly throne,
 Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
 His crown of joy alone,
 And earth his royal bride shall see,
 Beside him on his throne.
- 7 Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
 His crown, his joy divine,
 And sweeter far than all beside,
 Jesus himself is thine.

323

The Hill of Zion

C. M.

RIGHT glad was I when unto me
 They said with one accord,
 O, let us up to Zion hill,
 The city of our Lord !
 Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
 Jerusalem our home,
 And to thy temples beauty built,
 Our wearied steps shall come.

2 Oh, pray ye for Jerusalem,
 Who blesseth her is blest ;
 Peace be within thy palaces,
 And in thy temples rest ;
 And on her golden shrines be light,
 And sunshine ever fair,
 For there my father's children dwell,
 My father's God is there.

324

Westward Missions.

8, 7.

WESTWARD, where from giant fountains,
 Oregon comes down in flood ;
 Westward to Missouri's mountains,
 Or to wild Iowa's wood,
 Where the broad Arkansas goeth,
 Winding o'er savannas wide ;
 Where, beyond old Huron floweth,
 Many a strong eternal tide.

2 Westward, where the wavy prairie,
 Dark as slumbering ocean lies,
 Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
 O'er the shadowed billows rise !
 There be heard, ye herald voices !
 Till the Lord his glory shows,

And the lonely place rejoices,
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.

3 Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod ;
Westward in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God :
Westward, till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing,
With the people's holy hymn.

4 Westward still, oh Lord, in glory,
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale to mountain hoary,
Rolls the anthem round the world ;
Reign, oh reign, o'er every nation,
Reign, Redeemer, Father, King,
And with songs of thy salvation,
Let the wide creation ring.

325

Come, and welcome, to Jesus !

2, 7.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Come ye thirsty ! come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall !
If you tarry till your better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden ;
On the ground your Maker lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finished,
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

326

Christ Precious.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fears.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 By Him, my prayers acceptance find,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan allures my soul in vain,
 And I am owned a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thoughts;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath;
 And make the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

327

Christian Zeal.

C. M.

ARE we the soldiers of the cross!
 The followers of the Lamb!
 And shall we fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to own his name?

- 2 Must we be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for us to face ?
 Must we not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help us on to God ?

4 Now we must fight if we would reign ;
 Increase our courage, Lord !
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all thy glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they're slain ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And shall with Jesus reign.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

328

Evening.

C. M.

1 I LOVE awhile to steal away
 From every cumb'ring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day,
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast,
 On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempest driv'n.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

329

Jesus, a Friend in Sorrow.

C. M.

O THOU, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, pressed by sins and sorrows here,
 We could not fly to thee !

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
 Our peace-branch from above ?

4 Then sorrow vouch'd by thee grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

330

Heaven.

C. P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'lers given ;

There is a joy for souls distress'd,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her tearful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 And evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

331

Missions.

8, 7, 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

332

Faith in God.

7, 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises,
 With healing on his wings ;
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue,
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow,
 Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us thro'—
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too ;

Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed;
 And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

4 Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Tho' all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For when in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

333

Passion Week.

73.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled, burning thirst,
 By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
 Son of man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and woful, who is He?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
 By earth that trembled at His doom;
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden, promised ere He died,
 To the felon at his side;
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He ?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony ;
 By the lifeless body laid,
 In the chambers of the dead ;
 By the mourners come to weep,
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
 Crucified ! we know Thee now,
 Son of man ! tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He ?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord ! they know not what they do !"
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

334

First Sunday after Epiphany.

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo ! such the child whose happy feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God !

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age ;
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine.

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own ?

335

The Day of Judgment.

8, 7.

LO ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain,
Thousand, thousand, saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train ;
Hallelujah !
Jesus now shall ever reign !

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Clothed in awful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the Great Messiah see !

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;

All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day,
 "Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Now, redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit!
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
 Promised glory to inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne;
 Saviour! take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

336

The Burial Anthem.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown.
 From the burthen of the flesh,
 And from care and fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
 And borne the heavy load,
 But Christ has taught thy languid feet
 To reach his blest abode;
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
 Upon his Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
 And the Holy Spirit fail:
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou loved'st best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth" and "dust to dust,"
 The solemn priest hath said,
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed;
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

337

The Star of Bethlehem.

L. M.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
 One star alone of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem;

But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horrors then my vitals froze,
Death-struck—I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

338

Jesus Knocketh.

8, 5.

IN the silent midnight watches,
Hark! thy bosom door,
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore;—
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise and let me in.

2 Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking,
Where the hall is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But the door is fast ;
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
 Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou guilty creature !
 Hast thou then forgot,
 Jesus waited long to know thee,—
 Now he knows thee not.

339

Christ my Refuge.

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For every pain I feel.

3 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine :
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

340

Not Ashamed of Christ.

C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then he will own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

341

The Sunday-school.

O SWEET is the morning that dawns on the world,
 When the sign of salvation is broadly unfurled,
 And in city and village, from hill-top and vale,
 Is proclaimed by God's servants the wonderful tale.

2 Then hear we of Jesus his love and his power,
 His glory and triumph in death's fearful hour,
 From the lips of the teacher whose form we surround,
 Whilst friends dearly loved in the circle are found.

3 How kind is the greeting that meets every face,
 How hearty the welcome as all take their place,
 How thrilling the voice and the grasp of the
 hand,
 As though willing to lead us to heaven's bright
 land.

4 Oh say do we feel what our lips now express,
 And for all these his mercies God's name daily
 bless ;
 Remembering also that as we now live,
 So shall we his curse or his blessing receive ?

5 Then let us at once from this moment begin
 To love the Lord Jesus and break off from sin ;
 That calm may our lives be and quiet their close,
 As on his dear bosom we sink to repose.

6 Is this our resolve ?—then shall we pursue
 Undaunted our pathway—for He'll bring us
 through
 Life's trials and troubles, until we all meet
 Where our crowns we shall joyfully cast at his
 feet.

342

Journeying through Death to Life.

C. M.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injured King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid,
 In this our last retreat,

Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To see its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

343

Praise to Christ.

8, 7.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth :
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth ;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;

Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away !
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

344

Jesus Precious to the Believer.

C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath,
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

I N D E X.

	HYMN.
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,	291
Almighty God, thy piercing eye,	216
Amen ! Amen ! the prayers are said,	308
And now, another day is gone,	231
Angels, that high in glory dwell,	227
A pilgrim through this lonely world,	318
Are we the soldiers of the cross,	327
Around the throne of God in heaven,	265
Assembled in our school once more,	250
As the dewy shades of even,	302
At evening time it shall be light,	295
Awake my soul to joyful lays,	275
Behold the daisy where you tread,	292
Beneath Moriah's rocky side,	313
Bound upon the accursed tree,	333
Bride of the Lamb awake,	322
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, .	218
Brother thou art gone before us,	336
By cool Siloam's shady rill,	334

HYMN.

Children of Jerusalem,	246
Children who of Jesus' sorrows,	301
Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace,	263
Come ! come ! come !	242
Come unto Christ ye weary,	311
Come, ye children, and adore him,	261
Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,	325
Dear refuge of my weary soul,	339
Dear children you should never let,	225
Depart awhile each thought of care,	303
Did God that reigns in heaven above,	274
Glorious things of thee are spoken,	276
God in heaven can he hear,	285
Great God, to thee my voice I raise,	222
Happy the children who are gone,	264
Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord,	217
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices,	343
Here we suffer grief and pain,	236
Holy Bible ! book divine !	239
How doth the little busy bee,	228
How happy are they,	270
How glorious is our heavenly King,	221
How much better I'm attended,	240
How pleasant thus to dwell below,	237
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,	326

HYMN.

How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,	247
Humble praises, holy Jesus,	233
I am young, but, I must die,	234
I lay my sins on Jesus,	288
I love awhile to steal away,	328
I knew a little sickly child,	284
I think when I read that sweet story of old,	296
I want not India's pearly shore,	317
I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,	244
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,	340
If this life should last forever,	293
In God's own house for me to play,	254
In the silent midnight watches,	338
Is your lamp filled, my child,	314
Jerusalem ! my happy home !	215
Jesus, I love thy charming name,	344
Jesus, we thy lambs would be,	241
Jesus, I my cross have taken,	269
Jesus who reigns above the sky,	289
Just as I am ! without one plea,	268
Like mist on the mountain,	312
Little travellers Zionward,	213
Lo ! at noon 'tis sudden night,	266
Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,	335
Lord, teach a sinful child to pray,	245

	HYMN
Many voices seem to say,	257
May not an exile, Lord, desire,	315
Mercy! O thou Son of David!	262
Must Simon bear his cross alone,	316
My country, 'tis of thee,	304
My God, who makes the sun to know,	230
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,	331
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,	259
One there is above all others,	277
O come, let us sing,	306
O Lord, let our songs,	305
O! Jesus, delight of the soul,	297
O, sacred head now wounded,	273
O, sweet is the morning that dawns on the world,	341
O Thou, before whose gracious throne,	258
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,	281
O Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,	329
Our Father in heaven,	249
Our souls by love together knit,	321
People of the living God,	272
Poor and needy though I be,	248
Right glad was I when unto thee,	323
Saviour, teach me how to pray,	253
See that heathen mother stand,	251
See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,	219

HYMN

Sometimes a light surprises,	332
Soon as I heard my Father say,	256
Suffer me to come to Jesus,	267
Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me,	279
The sun that lights the earth shall fade,	214
The voice of free grace,	271
There is a fountain filled with blood,	255
There is a happy land,	243
There is a God that reigns above,	223
There is a green hill far away,	283
There is an hour of peaceful rest,	330
There is beyond the sky,	224
This day belongs to God alone,	298
Thóu who did'st with love and blessing,	299
Through sorrow's night and danger's path,	342
To thee, O blessed Saviour,	260
'Twas when the seas with horrid roar,	287
Watchman ! tell us of the night,	280
We are but strangers here,	319
We won't give up the Prayer Book,	309
We are little Christian children,	282
We come, we come, with loud acclaim,	238
We'll not give up the Bible,	278
Westward, where from giant fountains,	324
Whatever brawls disturb the street,	226
When daily I kneel down to pray,	252
When little Samuel woke,	235

HYMN.

When marshal'd on the nightly plain,	337
When the moon is beaming,	294
When Jesus Christ was here below,	290
When languor and disease invade,	307
When I read the wondrous story,	310
Whene'er I take my walks abroad,	220
Where we oft have met in gladness,	300
Why do you weep?	286
Why should I deprive my neighbour,	232
Why should I love my sport so well,	229
Ye angels who stand round the throne,	320











